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Humorous Tit-Bits.

JAGSON says that it puzzles him to think that a standing advertisement must run all the time.—*Elmira Gazette.*

FIVE things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.—*Richmond Recorder.*

SHE: "What a beautiful red that rose is? He: "Yes—it's probably blushing at the price they ask for it."—*Vermont Watchman.*

BURGLAR: "Where do you keep your money?" Biggs: "Er, it's in the pocket of my wife's dress." Burglar (to pal): "Come on, Pete, we ain't no Stanley explorin' expedition."—*N. Y. Herald.*

TELEPHONIC—"Is this 257? Oh, doctor, husband wants to go down to business, but I told him this weather is only fit for beasts! Won't you come over and persuade him to stay indoors?"—*Yale Record.*

MAGISTRATE: "What's the charge in this case?" Counsel: "Impersonating an officer, your Honor." "What did the prisoner do?" "He steals a handful of peanuts every time he passes my client's stand."—*Brooklyn Life.*

AN OBJECT LESSON.—"You young scoundrel, said the father seizing his disobedient son by the neck, "I'll show you how you ought to treat your mother!" And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him till his hair began to fall out.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PARSON: "How is your husband today, Mrs. Hodge?"

Mrs. Hodge: "Bad, sir; awful bad. He can't sleep a wink o' nights. Would you mind steppin' down to-night and preachin' a bit of sermon to him, sir? That'll send him to sleep if anything will. Your sermons are so soothing, sir."

THE BOOK AGENT; "Sir, I have here a work of unusual excellence, which I should like you to examine."

"No use; I can't read."

"Ah, but your children—"

"Haven't any! Nothing in the house but a cat."

"Possibly you would like to buy something to throw at the cat."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A BLIND MAN who plays upon an accordion is perambulating the streets of Windsor, England. His affliction attracted the attention of the Queen, who gave him a gratuity. He now bears upon his breast a placard with the inscription: "Blind from inflammation assisted by Her Majesty the Queen."—*Ex.*

WHO PAID FOR THE STONE.—The following inscription is copied from a tombstone now standing in the Methodist Protestant burying ground in Avondale, Ohio:—

Ann E.
Wife of Jeremiah Walters.
Died November 16, 1868, aged 68 years,
5 months.

She was a true and faithful wife to each
of the following persons:—

Enoch Francis,
John Sherman,
Wm. Hassen,
J. Walters.

—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

LEGRAND who was both an actor and an author, but a man of short and disagreeable figure, after playing some tragic part in which he had been ill-received, came forward to the footlights and addressed the house thus: "In short, ladies and gentlemen, you must see that it is easier for you to accustom yourselves to my figure than for me to change it."

Winter Travel in the Arctic Circle.

A TRIP MADE ON THE UPPER YOUNG.

(By K. N. L. McDonald.)

TO most readers of travel it is well known that within the Arctic Circle the winter months are very dreary, owing to the want of sunlight, especially as the days draw near to their shortest period; at which time, for about a month, the sun is not visible; while in summer, when the days are at their longest, Old Sol shines continuously day and night for about the same time. Notwithstanding the short days and extreme cold experienced, a good deal of winter travel is accomplished, and that with dog sleighs and snow shoes. This is owing to the fact of the absence of horses in that part of

the country, and in fact the nature of the country is such that it is altogether unsuited for them, so that in winter travellers are confined solely to the use of dogs, and in summer time to boats—York or inland boats of the style of the McKinnaw build. As some of my readers would perhaps like to hear of a winter trip, I will briefly describe to you one that I figured in.

I received a pressing invitation one winter from a tribe of Indians living on the Upper Youcon, to pay them a visit, and I promised to comply with their request. After making the necessary preparations, I engaged a man and we set out on snowshoes with one train of dogs to haul our provisions and travelling gear. We travelled through a country partly wooded and partly swamp and muskeg. On the ninth day we were pleased to see in the distance the curling smoke from the camp fires of our friends rising in the still air. As we had run short of provisions the evening before, we hurried on with the pleasing prospect of a good meal and a good rest. We were welcomed by all, from the youngest to the oldest, and were made guests in the chief's lodge. While dropping our travelling clothes it was noticeable that the usual alacrity in preparing a meal for guests was wanting, and we were told to our regret that provisions were scarce, the whole tribe at that time depending for a mouthful on the precarious chance of rabbit snaring, as rabbits were anything but plentiful and the weather very severe. However, the best that the poor people had was placed at our disposal according to the usual hospitable custom of all Indian tribes from their southern to their northern limits. In the course of the evening it was decided that the camp should be broken up and a move made in a direction where moose were said to be plentiful, and where it was hoped the hunters would meet with success.

The following morning, camp was struck, the hunters set out in advance to beat a track for the women who brought up the rear with the children and all the "household goods." The men after travelling six or seven miles marked the place where the camp for the night was to be pitched, and then breaking up into small parties started in search of game. For

five consecutive days we accompanied our friends on the march and as no game other than an occasional rabbit was secured, it was trying to witness the sufferings of the women and children. Dogs, starved to death from hunger and cold, marked our line of travel, as the bleached bones of animals show the route across the deserts of the east.

The sixth day happening on Sunday, notwithstanding the emaciated condition of the party, the day was observed by all as one of rest, not one hunter leaving the camp in search of food; morning and evening religious services were conducted, and all made it a point to attend. It was a long day and it was edifying to note that not a murmur came from one of the party, even though some of the women had to boil parts of their deer-skin lodges to quiet their little ones. During the night a wind arose and long before the day broke, the hunters were scouring the country after the moose, the noblest game of that region. Their efforts were crowned with success and anxiety and want gave place to joy and plenty. Shortly after I set out on my return and was accompanied for some distance by three young men of the tribe. About 100 miles from the fort, the weather became very severe and my dogs after their long enforced fasting were very weak and made but slow progress, eventually giving out altogether. Seeing this, I made camp, tore up one of my blankets as coverings for them and fed them with all the provisions I had, with the hope of getting them home. The next morning an early start was made, but we had not proceeded far, when two of them fell down and refused to rise. They were unharnessed and myself and man took their place in drawing the sled along, with the help of the remaining dog, who was still game. But it was so cold we made little progress and we finally decided on leaving our sled and baggage. We accordingly made a good camp, put everything safely away in the sled and hung it on a tree out of the reach of wolves. In the meantime the two dogs I had left behind, staggered into camp, threw themselves in the warm ashes beside the fire, and there they lay moaning piteously. About midnight we made a start and as we stepped out of camp the two dogs made an attempt

to rise, but failing, set up a despairing howl. I could not help them and there they remained where they soon froze to death. My feelings, as I turned and left them, may be better imagined than described. Continuing on our way we reached the fort at 10 p. m., having stopped twice to refresh ourselves with water. We travelled the 70 miles in 20 hours, on snowshoes, with the thermometer at 65° below zero and without a mouthful to eat. But this old travellers are prepared to do at any time and do not take credit to themselves for having accomplished anything extraordinary.

The Story of the "Moonlight Sonata"

HOW BEETHOVEN COMPOSED IT.

"WE all know the story of that night when Beethoven, despairing, with the world against him, beggarly poor, wandered with his friend by the River Rhine, and expressed how completely hopeless had grown his life. "No one understands or cares for me," he cried—"I have genius and am treated as an outcast. I have a heart and none to love. I hate myself, I hate the world, and I wish it were all over, and forever."

Then we see him, as they leave the river side and pass down the narrow street, suddenly pause and stand still, listening to the faint notes of a worn piano that strike on the night air from an invisible source. He recognizes in the music a part from his own symphony in F., played with wonderful feeling and expression, and immediately the man is changed; himself, his cares and the world are for the time alike forgotten—lost in the soul of the musician and artist.

He hurries forward, followed by his friend, until he is opposite the mean dwelling from whence the sounds proceed, then turning he simply says, "Follow me!" and without even knocking, lifts the latch and enters. The room before them is plain to shabbiness. In one cor-

ner stands an old harpischord, and seated by it is the slender form of a girl, with long, golden hair falling over her shoulders. Off to one side, near a rough board table on which a candle is dimly burning, is seated a pale young man, making shoes. Both start as the master and his friend enter, not knowing what to make of the intrusion. Beethoven is first to speak. "Pardon me"—he says. "I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

After some further conversation during which he learns that the girl is blind, we see him at the instrument and his hands wandering over the keys in an improvisation that might have thrilled the hearts of emperors. On, on he plays, lost in his theme, until the candle burns low, goes out, and the room is unlit save by the moonlight that streams in through the window, and falls in a silver flood over the calm, inspired face of the composer, and white keys of the instrument. What a tableau it must have presented, in that chill, dark room, when their souls listened, silent and awed, to the strains of passionate tenderness and gradations of melody that fell from the master's fingers. We can almost see the blind girl with her form bent forward, her sightless orbs wide open, lips apart, and breath abated, drinking in the music whose like the world, perchance, has never since heard. Beethoven at length pauses, his head droops on his breast, his hands rest on his knees and his mind becomes lost in meditation. The young shoemaker goes forward, touches him reverently and asks: "Wonderful man, who and what are you?" Beethoven does not reply at first, but on the question being repeated, smiles, and turning to the piano plays the opening bar from his symphony in F.

From the lips of brother and sister—for such they are—breaks the cry "Beethoven!" and covering his hands with kisses they beg him to play once more.

Turning again to the piano he looks out at the sky and stars a moment and says: "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight." Then commences the opening bars of that weird, beautiful composition, known to the world as the "Moonlight Sonata."

